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reconcentrados, have not learned the art. Rarely is a hand held out to you for alms when going among their huts, but the sight of them makes an appeal stronger than words.

Of the hospitals I need not speak. Others have described their condition far better than I can. It is not within the narrow limits of my vocabulary to portray it. I went to Cuba with the strong conviction that the picture had been overdrawn; that a few cases of starvation and suffering had inspired and stimulated the press correspondents, and they had given free play to a strong, natural and highly cultivated imagination.

Before starting I received through the mail a leaflet published by the *Christian Herald*, with cuts of some of the sick and starving reconcentrados, and took it with me, thinking these rare specimens, got up to make the worst possible showing. I saw plenty as bad, and worse; many that should not be photographed and shown. I could not believe that, out of a population of 1,600,000, 200,000 had died within the Spanish forts — practically prison walls — within a few months past, from actual starvation and diseases caused by insufficient and improper food.

My inquiries were entirely outside of sensation sources. They were made of our medical officers, of our consuls, of city alcaldes (mayors), of relief committees, of leading merchants and bankers, physicians and lawyers. Several of my informants were Spanish born, but every time the answer was that the case had not been overstated. What I saw I cannot tell so others can see it. It must be seen with one's own eyes to be realized. The Los Pasos Hospital, in Havana, I saw, when 400 women and children were lying on the stone floors in an indescribable state of emaciation and disease, many with the scantiest covering of rags — and such rags! Sick children, naked as they came into the world. And the conditions in the other cities are even worse.

Miss Barton needs no indorsement from me. I had known and esteemed her for many years, but had not half appreciated her capability and devotion to her work. I especially looked into her business methods, fearing that there would be the greatest danger of mistake, but everything seems to me to be conducted in the best manner possible. In short, I saw nothing to criticise, but everything to commend. The American people may be assured that their bounty will reach the sufferers with the least possible cost and in the best manner in every respect.

When will the need for this help end? Not until peace comes and the reconcentrados can go back to their country, rebuild their homes, reclaim their tillage plots, which quickly run up to brush in that wonderful soil and climate, and until they can be free from danger of molestation in so doing. Until then the American people must, in the main, care for them. It is true that the alcaldes, other local authorities and relief committees are now trying to do something, and desire, I believe, to do the best they can, but the problem is beyond their means and capacity, and the work is one to which they are not accustomed.

General Blanco's order of November 13 last somewhat modifies the Weyler order, but is of little or no practical benefit. Its execution is completely in the discretion of the local military authorities, and though the order was issued four months ago, I saw no beneficent results from it worth mentioning. I do not impugn General Blanco's motives, and believe him to be an amiable gentleman, and

that he would be glad to relieve the situation of the reconcentrados if he could do so without loss of any military advantage, but he knows that all Cubans are insurgents at heart, and none now under military control will be allowed to go from under it.

There are — or were before the war — about 1,000,000 Cubans on the island, 200,000 Spaniards (which means those born in Spain), and less than half a million of negroes and mixed blood. The Cuban whites are of pure Spanish blood, and, like the Spaniards, usually dark in complexion, but oftener light or blond, so far as I noticed, than the Spaniards. The percentage of colored to white has been steadily diminishing for more than fifty years, and is now not over 25 per cent. of the total. In fact, the number of colored people has been actually diminishing for nearly that time. The Cuban farmer and laborer is by nature peaceable, kindly, gay, hospitable, light-hearted and improvident. One thing that was new to me was to learn the superiority of the well-to-do Cuban over the Spaniard in the matter of education. Among those in good circumstances there is no doubt that the Cuban is far superior in this respect. They have been educated in England, France or this country, while the Spaniard has only such education as his own country furnished.

The colored people seem to me by nature quite the equal, mentally and physically, of the race in this country. Certainly, physically, they are by far the larger and stronger race on the island. There is little or no race prejudice, and this has doubtless been greatly to their advantage."

The Logic of War.

BY KATRINA TRASK.

Where is the logic of war — O ye
Who wave the flag, and who cry the cry
“ We fight in the name of humanity ;
Let those who have killed prepare to die !
Down with the demons who blew up the Maine ! —
The Spaniards, perchance, who Cuba have slain ? ”

Alas ! if they have, what then — O ye
Who wave the flag and who cry the cry ?
I ask in the name of humanity ;
Shall we be like them and make men die ?
Shall a hundred warships, instead of one,
Reek red in the light of the rising sun ?

Must the burden of infamy increase ?
Shall more cruel engines with shot and shell
Drown the voice of the Prince of Peace
And make of the earth a vaster hell ?
Where is the logic, the sense of war —
To do the dark deeds that were done before ?

Woe to that nation which steeps in blood
Its own right hand ! 'Tis easy to die —
But to kill imperils our highest good ;
The Lord God rules in His Heaven on high ;
Let Him be arbiter over the lands —
But for Christ's sake lift to Him bloodless hands.